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A NIGHT WITH DEATH.

By W. C. Morrow.

It is midnight. I have just left his bedside ; it is in the adjoining room. For four days and nights I have watched unceasingly—watched for Death, who lurks behind the door ; for they say my friend will die. But I will, single-handed, meet Death, and beat him back. I have had one struggle with him ; it was about two hours ago. He thinks I am worn out ; that my strength is failing with the prolonged vigil ; that I may fall asleep at any moment, when he can seize his prey, and strangle him in the dark. About two hours ago, as I have just said, he quietly left his position behind the door, and stood at the bedside, ready to begin his dreadful work. I must have dozed in my extreme weariness—what a crime ! I rose, startled violently, and confronted him. There was a deadly leer on his sinister face. I sprang at his throat, and grappled with him madly. There was a fierce struggle, and I conquered. I knew I would. I thrust him out, and locked the door.

My friend regarded me strangely, evidently not recognizing me.

"You are Death !" he exclaimed, his eyes staring wildly, and his hands clutching the bed-clothing.

"No ; I am your friend."

I took his hand in mine ; I placed the other hand on his burning forehead.

"I have driven him away," I said. "He cannot touch you while I am alive."

"But if you should sleep?"

"I shall not sleep."

He, as well as I, knew that Death feared me, and that Death only awaited the moment when my strength should fail, and I should succumb to exhaustion.

That reminds me : I wonder that the physician looked strangely at me to-night, and felt my pulse, and examined my tongue. I wonder that he shook his head, and said that I must watch no longer, and that if I did the result might be disastrous. I laughed at him. What ! leave my dearest friend when I alone could keep Death away? This, my friend, I say, also knows ; and he will let none other watch beside him. What if he will not? Will I? No.

He has been very patient. I shall not say he is selfish for keeping me, though this long and anxious watching is killing me, for he is not himself. He is the Fever, beset by its companion, Delirium. And then I love him ; that is sufficient.

Half an hour ago he awoke with a start, and called out to me aloud :

"Where are you?"

"Here," I replied, taking his hand.

Delirium looked from his eyes and said—my friend thus never would have accused me :

"You were asleep." His tone was querulous and complaining.

"No."

"Yes ; you don't care if he strangles me !"

"He shall not touch you."

"Yes ; you are not watching ! See, there he is !"

My eyes followed his horrified gaze to the door. There, sure enough, stood Death. I moved toward him threateningly, and he vanished. I came back to my friend. His words had gone into my heart like a knife. I gave him a soothing medicine, and he soon fell asleep, struggling, too, against sleep, and regarding me with suspicion, as if he feared I would abandon him.

Thus has this hand-to-hand struggle with Death, this ceaseless watching, racked me for four long days and nights—days and nights that, compared with the past years of my life, seem longer by a thousand years.

I must admit it : my nerves are shattered. I start at imaginary things. Some things are not imaginary. I have seen Death and fought with him. Of the shadows and forms that steal about through the quiet house—some making strange grimaces, some dancing, others threatening—a few are the creation of my distempered imagination. I say, I admit it, and it alarms me.

I have just left my friend asleep. It is midnight. Death does not hover over a sleeping man ; and so I have come into this room to write while I feel so strange ; to write something horrible and ghastly, that will conjure up demons, and cause shadows to emerge from the darkness ; that will cause the reader to wake at night with a scream, and trembling with terror, search his bed for the mangled corpse of a human being, staring and grinning there in the dark, with the hands clenched like claws, and the features set by death in a horrible grimace.

For in all the world the most awful thing is a corpse ; the most revolting thing a mangled corpse.

A subject ! I have a number of them here. I think of none other at this moment. They crowd upon me—all the ghastly pictures that have, through the sense of vision, become stamped upon my brain, now spring to view, each and all a living reality.

Here is a frightful explosion of a powder mill. I search in the rubbish with a lantern. A hand. I place it in a basket on my arm. A dislodged eye-ball, naked, round, and glistening. I place it in the basket. A face and skull, with the brain blown out. I lift it by the hair, shake the dirt

from it, and place it in the basket. An arm here, a leg there. Tame subject ! There is no suffering !

Well, then, here is another. It is better : A train runs over a man—no matter how. The resistless wheel crushes the strong breast. A short, smothered scream. His heart bounds from his mangled body as though expelled from a popgun, and alights upon the planking, where, still retaining that secret and mysterious principle of life that sends the blood surging through the arteries, it springs from side to side for a few seconds, determined not to die. Two dogs, seeing it thus bounding, pounce upon it to kill and devour it, and then fight for its possession. Too tame ! The heart did not suffer !

For, though death is awful, and a mangled corpse is revolting, to see suffering and torture that make life a living death, is agonizing. I select such a subject. Wait.

I have just returned from a search in the bottom of my trunk. I found it. Here it is, on the table before me, open. Letters ; a faded photograph ; a little wisp of beautiful hair ; a few violets that crumble as I touch them. I must handle them carefully, for they are precious, very precious. This, despite the gloomy picture they recall—a picture darker than death. Must I part with this secret of life and death?—of death, I should say? Is it right? Will she rise up from an untimely grave, and, in addition to charging me with murder, denounce me also as a betrayer of secrets, a slanderer, who is worse than a murderer? No ; I shall not. To think of it ! I entertained the idea for a moment ! Am I insane ? I shall bundle them up again.

Great God ! what is this ? It lies there on the table, with the palm turned toward me, as though beseeching me. Only a glove—a woman's glove. It leans against the letters, shriveled and crumpled. Merciful heaven ! how that rent gapes, recalling a picture not connected with the history of the glove or the bundle, but one equally as horrible. In the palm of the glove are two rents that form a cross. What is there in this that makes my nerves tingle, every hair stand on end, and my heart beat with a thick, dull, sickening pulsation ? I shall write it. I shall place the bundle again in the bottom of my trunk, and forget it. How cold my feet, and how hot my head ! How the phantoms multiply in number, and boldly prick me with sharp needles, and grin at me through the blinds !

Tom Burkett was the engineer of No. 3, a passenger train. He was a skillful engineer, sober and reliable. An accident had happened to his locomotive, and he had taken a freight engine, which was headed in the opposite direction. The nearest turn-table was several miles ahead. Consequently, Burkett was compelled to run the engine backward.

The rules required that a locomotive should not be run backward at a higher speed than six miles per hour, as the tender-trucks are liable to leave the track. To learn this fact has cost many lives. One human life is of more value than countless railroads.

I am very calm as I write this. I have gathered up all the ends and fragments of my shattered strength. I know the value of life. It is not capable of estimation ; it is priceless.

Burkett came upon a long and level stretch of road ; and, knowing it to be in excellent condition, he disobeyed his instructions by more than doubling the speed of the train.

The crash came—no one knew how. No one ever does know how. The only difference between expected death and unexpected death is in cause, and not in reason. From the time we come into the world to the time we leave it, we stand on the trap-door of a gallows, with a rope around our neck. Presently something comes along and removes the prop. We can not help it ; our hands and feet are tied, and, moreover, we are blindfold. This is the crime—a sufficient one—for which we are executed : We were born.

The crash came. The train was upon a high embankment. There was a sudden and violent jerking, when the tender, which was in front, swung to one side, and dragged the engine down the embankment, overturning it. The baggage-car and the express-car came crashing down, and were wrecked. The passenger cars were uninjured. One man was killed—the fireman. He was caught under the engine, and crushed.

The locomotive, in falling, turned upon its side, the nozzle surmounting the dome being broken off. Through the opening thus made a powerful stream of hot water and steam issued. It seemed as though this gigantic monster of fiendish cruelty sought to expend its venomous wrath by crushing one man, and belching forth upon another an irresistible stream of death.

The baggage-master sprang from his car, and ran to the assistance of the engineer and fireman. A cruel sight confronted him and sickened him. Tom Burkett was desperately struggling to get beyond the reach of the stream of steam, which struck him full in the face and breast. It was all done in a few seconds. He threw up his hands ; madly he fought this terrible thing that was boiling him alive. At last he succeeded in getting to one side, and then he attempted to rise. He failed. His muscles were cooked. He sank upon his knees.

"Tom," exclaimed the baggage-master, running down the embankment, "are you hurt?"

"I am killed," replied Tom, very quietly, and without a groan.

The baggage-master had reached him.

"Let me help you up, Tom. Give me your hand."

"Where are you?" asked Tom, holding out his hand in an uncertain way.

"Here, Tom. Can't you see me?"

"No ; I'm blind."

The baggage-master saw that Tom's eyes were whitish, and that a white, sunken place appeared where the pupil should have been. His eyes were cooked. He could not close the eyelids. They, too, were cooked. The white eyes could only stare pitifully.

By this time the baggage-master had taken Tom's hand, to assist him to rise. Then a revolting and sickening thing occurred. The hand, being exposed, had been thoroughly boiled, so that when the baggage-master grasped it the skin broke a little below the wrist-joint—broke evenly around, as though cut with a knife—and the skin slipped from the hand, entire. The baggage-master gazed at it, horror-stricken, as it lay in his palm. It looked like a glove of a ghastly grayish color, slightly wrinkled. The only break in it was a cross in the palm. It was the glove that recalled this horrible occurrence so strikingly to my mind. Tom did not groan as he thus parted with a portion of himself ; it did not seem to cause him pain. The baggage-master uttered an exclamation of horror and despair, and then gingerly laid the strange thing he held on an old cross-tie. He turned to Tom, who still held out his hand, and was about to take it, in his anguish and excitement ; but the sight that met his eyes was more sickening than the other. The hand, stripped of its natural covering, presented to view the tendons on the back, and the bone at some of the joints. The hand was damp, sticky, of an indescribable pale color, and streaked with dull red. The nails had adhered to the skin, and that portion of the fingers from which they had slipped was bright red.

The baggage-master started back, and almost shrieked :

"Take down your hand, Tom !"

Tom meekly obeyed. He seemed to understand his condition, for he asked, quite pitifully :

"What will become of my wife and babies?"

"They will be taken care of, Tom—poor fellow !"

Tears were streaming down the baggage-master's face. Several others arrived. They picked Tom tenderly up, and laid him in a car.

It was some time before the ordeal of death commenced. When it did, it was horrible ; and even in my present condition I tremble to write it.

A locomotive and flat-car were dispatched from the nearest station, and Tom was placed upon the car, and taken to a house. It was then that his agony came on. His system recovered from the temporary shock, and nature cried out. There was a medical attendant. He administered an anæsthetic, as Tom begged for it, but said it might, in Tom's condition, produce a kind of nervous irritation. Tom called for water. It was poured down his throat. Next he wanted ice. At this the physician shook his head, for a reason which will soon appear.

Tom fought the pain manfully—he was a noble, strong-hearted fellow—but it increased every moment, and minute by minute became more maddening. At length Tom began to moan pitifully ; later, he cried out in anguish ; he screamed and writhed under the horrible torture. He begged for ice, and cursed them because they refused him. At length the physician yielded.

"Pound the ice," he said. "He will not know—"

Know what ? He did not finish the sentence. We shall soon discover his meaning.

In the meantime Tom made a violent movement, and the whole of his full whiskers were pulled out by the roots. It was very easily done. His face then appeared grayish, with small wrinkles abounding.

The pounded ice was given him. An experienced person might have foreseen the result—the physician alone did. The ice, coming in contact with the lips, caused them at first to curl outward, and then they split and cracked, and fell away by piecemeal, leaving the front teeth exposed. He appeared to grin horribly.

At length Tom's reason was shaken. He thought he was burning alive. He begged them to pull him out of the flames. His hair slipped off. The skin on the face broke in many places. The more tender parts of the ears fell away. The nose was ragged, as though it had been hacked with a knife. There was no blood. He presented much the appearance of a man dead two weeks, and nibbled by crabs.

Tom raved in delirium. He thought himself engineer of a train that was running to hell. Already the intense heat reached him, burning him up. The opiate worked poorly. Having lost his lips, his ravings were indistinct.

"Shut off the steam !" he shouted. "My hands are burned, and I can't reach the throttle. Shut her off, John ! we are plunging into hell ! See how the smoke rises ! Here are the occupants of hell ! We run over them—nothing hinders us ! Shut off the steam ! Oh, if I was not burned to a crisp I would rip you open, John, take out your entrails, put a candle inside you, and hang you out for a red lantern ! O God ! how it burns !"

The ice continued its ghastly work. The cheeks fell away, and the horrible grin extended from ear to ear, showing the rows of teeth entire.

"Great God !" he screamed, "what have I done ? I had rather go to heaven than this burning hell, where already I

am roasting in the fires of the damned. Shut off the steam, John! or I will roast your heart! We are plunging into hell! If I escape this, I shall build a church. I can get to heaven then. God? There is no God! Hot? It is burning me alive! . . . Ah! It is not so hot. . . . It is getting cooler. . . . Ah! I am passing hell. . . . That is heaven, there. . . . They are flagging me down. . . . Ah! thank God! I burn no longer! I am cool; . . . and the air is filled with perfume . . . and music. Ah! this is heaven! . . . Ah! this is—
Death.

* * * * *
So late? Sunrise. I feel a strange reaction. My friend! I have returned from the bedside of my friend. Others had come in, but they could not keep back the dread spectre behind the door. None could but me! They did not let me know. O God, forgive me! They say I could not have kept Death away, but I could. He strangled my friend just before I reached his bedside. They have acted very strangely toward me, and are watching me. The physician has given me a powerful opiate. My heart is broken. I am a murderer! My hand is very unsteady. I can see with difficulty—it is strange—a great calm—is coming—over me;—a strange—drowsiness—
FRESNO, Cal., February 1, 1881.

"There goes Parnell, the Irish agitator!" observed a gentleman on the seat before me in a railroad car. "Parnell, is it?" replied his companion. "That is Mr. Parnell," whispered the lady behind me to her daughter. "Mr. Parnell, Ah!" Now here were four persons, educated people evidently, who, in the course of two minutes, mispronounced a plain English name. It is always annoying to hear the accent misplaced on a name, whether local or personal. We Americans seem to have taken a fancy for throwing the accent in family names on the last syllable, if possible, in defiance of all sound rules of good sense or good taste. These two qualities, by-the-by, are very closely allied. You can never have good taste without good sense as the foundation. False taste is inevitably abused. Now, this common mispronunciation of names ending in *ell* has neither good sense nor good taste in its favor. It is opposed to the spirit of our mother tongue. Last year I had a nephew in love with a charming girl, Miss Brownell. Of course she was Lily Brownell to her lover. For three months I heard Tom mispronounce her name, or that of her family, a dozen times a day. A few months later, as ill-luck would have it, his sister was courted by Harry Bedell, pronounced Bedell, of course. Now Brownell and Bedell are good English names, and should have a good English pronunciation. Bedell is no doubt the same as Beadle. Many English names ending in *ell* were originally connected with the common nouns *well* or *wall*. The Governor of the State of New York to-day is Cornell. The university in western New York is Cornell University. We have known a Judge Hubbard, Liddell and Waddell are instances of the same fancy. "Littell's Magazine" travels over half the country. But the propensity to throw the accent on the last syllable is not confined to names ending in *ell*. Barnard is frequently pronounced Barnard. Tricketts becomes Tricketts. General Steuben is General Steuben, in spite of his German birth. That distinguished gentleman, the present Secretary of State, is spoken of in rustic parlance as Mr. E-varts. Not long since we were shown a collection of the famous caricatures of Ho-garth. A year or two since we were introduced with a flourish "to an Assemblyman from a Western State," the Hon. Mr. Hubbard. O shade of old Mother Hubbard!—
February Atlantic.

The queen of the lobby this winter is a fascinating little brunette from the sunny South—the widow of a Confederate colonel who fell before Richmond. She has been abroad, and knows the most celebrated men of France, England, and this country, although her circle of female acquaintances is evidently circumscribed. The charm of her conversation is irresistible, especially to gentlemen whose hair is thin on the top of their heads. There is a sweet, subdued gaiety in her speech, accent, and gestures which makes a venerable listener happy; and there is a vivacity about her conversation which is especially attractive. She always dresses in black, in which magnificence of apparel can be allied with purity of taste. In the day time a long-skirted ulster has a most decorous look; and at night, in her pleasant rooms, she always wears a rich black satin dress, with a scarf of rare lace, in which gleams a diamond cross which might have been the ransom of the Sultan. Such unstudied grace and elegance suggests sweet Annie Page, "on her bright face one glance might trace a picture of the brain," and if she does not render great aid to those who have retained her services to aid their schemes I am mistaken. More than one Congressman is submissive to her will.

A Cincinnati boy writes home giving a queer experience while visiting in the city of Hamburg, Germany, through which an American was discovered where Americans are as scarce as hens' teeth. He was on the point of turning away from a shop window; the pavement being icy he slipped, and, in falling, wildly threw out his hands to break his fall, but in so doing happened to strike a stranger passing between wind and water, which brought him down, too. The stranger, on getting up, ejaculated in anger: "—the Dutch! Wouldn't I give the —! I wish I could speak —!" The Cincinnati, on hearing these words, knew positively that a sovereign of the United States had met with a disaster, and to avoid a scrimmage made his apology in German, and departed.

One night Uncle Harvey, keeper of a poor-house down in Maine, was aroused by the groans of one of the old men. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I'm dying, Uncle Harvey," said the old man. "I'm dying; go and get me a doughnut; I must have suthin' to pass away the time."

The expression, "I should smile," is believed to have originated in Canada. That country consumed 5,000,000 gallons of whisky last year.

A VALUABLE MEDAL.

It is not at all within the scope of our purpose to consider any of the questions that concern the spiritual affairs of the Roman Catholic Church. Under no circumstances would we wish to make light mention of what any one considers sacred, or to expose to ridicule any article of a Christian faith, or any religious observance that is held in respect by any class of worshippers. We submit the following copy of a printed circular sent to a female in San Francisco by Father Bernard, Prior of Melleray Abbey, in Dubuque, Iowa. It is postmarked from Dubuque, January 1, 1881, directed to "Miss —, No. —, —, Place, San Francisco," and was received January 25th. It contained, with the printed matter, a small-silver medal of the size of a dime, which has upon one side the image of St. Benedict. It is called "the Cross of St. Benedict." With it comes the following printed circular, which we give verbatim:

THE CROSS OF ST. BENEDICT.—The origin of the Cross or Medal of St. Benedict can be traced, if not to St. Benedict himself, yet to a very early date; but the devotion became more general from the following event: Bruno, afterwards Pope, when still a youth, was poisoned by the bite of a venomous reptile, and, after two months of intense suffering, lost the power of speech, and found himself at the point of death. In this extremity he beheld, in a vision, a luminous ladder reaching from his bed to heaven, and on it he saw St. Benedict, who, descending, touched Bruno's swollen face with a luminous cross, which he held in his hand, and cured him instantly. Thus miraculously cured, Bruno joined the Order of St. Benedict, and in 1048 became Pope under the name of Leo IX. Explanation of St. Benedict's Cross: The + signifies the sign of our salvation, by means of which St. Benedict wrought, with the Divine assistance, the most stupendous wonders. In the four outer angles are found the initials C. S. P. B., signifying, *Crux Sancti Patris Benedicti*—Cross of the Holy Father Benedict. In the upright, beginning at the top and running down, are C. S. S. M. L., and on the cross-beam, N. D. S. M. D., indicating, *Crux Sacra Sit Mihi Lux; Non Draco Sit Mihi Dux*.—"Be the Holy Cross my Light, let not the Dragon be my guide." The fourteen letters around the outer part are V. R. S. N. S. M. V. —S. M. Q. L.—I. V. B., and indicate, *Vade Retro Satana—Nunquam Sade Mihi Vana, Sunt Mala Que Libas—Ipsa Venena Bibas*—"Satan, begone and flee from me, and tempt me not to vanity; thy proffered cup is death to me; drink it, 'tis fit for only thee." In order that this medal may be a salutary means in all our necessities of soul and body, and especially a guard against the assaults of the evil spirit, the Church has, for his blessing, ordained special exorcisms and prayers. Innumerable facts show that the faithful, by the pious use of this cross and the invocation of St. Benedict, receive extraordinary graces from God—spiritual graces, sudden conversions, especially at the hour of death; preservation of mothers in child-bearing; instantaneous cures; protection against giant and giant-like, storms, sickness, poison, plagues, dangers, and against all the influences of the wicked spirit. It is also a most powerful preservation from and remedy for fits. The medal may be worn round the neck, or in any way we like on the body. It may be placed upon our doors or kept on the part affected. When animals are diseased, it may be immersed in the water they drink. We may kiss it for gaining indulgences. In all cases, whenever we wish to derive benefit from the said medal, we must say five *Gloria Patri* in honor of Jesus Christ's Passion; three *Ave Marias* in honor of the B. V. M., and one *Pater Noster* in honor of St. Benedict, which prayers it would be well to say every day. Benedict XIV. granted numerous indulgences to those who wear it, the most important of which are the following: To say as say the rosary once a week, or the Office of the Church (of the B. V. M. or the Office for the Dead), or the seven Penitential Psalms, or the Psalms of the gradual; who visit prisoners or the sick, who succor the poor, who say or hear Mass, a Plenary Indulgence is granted, under the usual conditions, on Christmas, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, Corpus Christi, on the principal Feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and on the Feast of St. Benedict (March 21). 2. An indulgence of seven years for saying the Rosary in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M. in order to live free from sin, and to die in a state of grace. 3. Once a week an indulgence of twenty years for praying daily for the extinction of heresies. 4. An indulgence of one-third of one's incurred penalties for sin, for the conversion of a sinner either by exhortation or by good example. 5. The indulgence which the Holy Father grants to those who in Rome receive the Solemn Pontifical Blessing on Holy Thursday and on Easter Sunday can be gained by those who, on these days, pray for the Holy Father and the exaltation of the Church. 6. The who pray for the increase of the Order of St. Benedict, share in all the good works of the Order. 7. A Plenary Indulgence is granted to him who, in the hour of death, after the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, or with perfect contrition, recommends his soul to God, and invokes, with his lips or within his heart, the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. 8. All the above named indulgences may be applied to the souls in purgatory. Devotion to St. Benedict, to obtain his intercession at the hour of death, as revealed to St. Gertrude: "And St. Benedict, the Lord's beloved, after partaking of his Lord's Body and Blood in the Holy Eucharist, standing in his oratory, his disciples holding up his fainting and emaciated frame, raising up his feeble hands toward Heaven, and uttering a fervent prayer, gave up the ghost. His spirit was seen ascending to heaven a long way, strewn with garments and studded with innumerable lights."—[Extract from her writings.]

Accompanying this printed circular and medal is another printed document, which we give verbatim: *New Melleray Abbey, P. O. Box 1571, Dubuque, Iowa, November 1st, 1880.*—To pay off a heavy debt on our new, half-finished Abbey, we shall have two daily Masses—one for the living and one for the dead—said every day, for a period of 50 years from date, in which those who give a donation of \$100 shall participate for 50 years. Those who donate \$50 shall participate in the fruits of said two daily Masses for 25 years, & so in proportion down to \$1, for which donors shall participate in said two daily Masses for 6 months from date of their donation. [Signed] Father Bernard, Prior.

Collector will please write the name of each Donor, the date and amount of donation after a No. When the sheet is filled, return it to me, with the amount collected. I will endorse it, with a receipt, and return it to you. The donors will then see that their donations have been received, and that they will participate in two daily Masses. Collectors, who fill a sheet, will receive a Letter of Association. [i. e., sending 32 names and \$32].

This is the year of our Lord 1881. Dubuque is in Iowa, and Iowa is in the United States of America. An abbey is a religious community, where unmarried males congregate for the special work of saving their own souls. The abbot is the father superior, who rules the abbey. We have this "Cross of Saint Benedict" hanging in the *Argonaut* office, and any of our readers who have a sick horse, or who are afraid of thunder, or who are subject to fits, are quite welcome to its use until they feel relieved. If any person be desirous of sending one hundred dollars to Father Bernard for the repose of his soul, and to pay off the heavy debt upon this unfinished abbey, we will take pleasure in forwarding the amount. Let no Catholic gentleman or lady charge us with unfriendly purpose in printing these circulars. We are openly exposing what priests are privately circulating. If this medal has the virtues claimed for it, everybody should have one. If it is a trick to get money from the ignorant and the superstitious, it is the duty of the *Argonaut* to tear off this disguise and expose it. If there is no other way to save one's soul than to pay for masses, give us Protestants a chance. We will hedge against the devil, if coin will do it.

FRENCH BONBONS.

"Monsieur, I would like very much to know when you intend to pay me," one of his creditors said to Talleyrand. "My dear sir, you have altogether too much curiosity," blandly answered the prince.

Madame de S— the other day met a friend looking so pale and worn that she anxiously asked after her health. "Bad, my dear," she answered, "very bad. I can not sleep at all, not even in church."

Barracks grammar: "Sargent, qu'est-ce que c'est que l'urbanité, sans vous commander?"

"Fusilière, je me surprends que vous ignorassiez une chose dont à laquelle il n'est pas permis: l'urbanité, c'est la déférence, qui se trouve être la subéquense de l'inférieur au supérieur."

"Bébé, be nice and give half your cake to that little beggar."

"Here, take this half," says Bébé to the beggar, "it is so much the better for me; mamma will give me a whole one."

Nestor Roqueplan could not endure women who decorate themselves.

Some time before his death one of his friends praised a certain young lady to him.

"Isn't she a perfect picture!"

"Yes, in fact a painting."

Madame X— affected youth, despite her three score years.

One evening another lady was telling her a scandal of the last century.

"I don't believe it!" cried Madame X—.

"Then neither do I," retorted the narrator. "Probably you were there, and ought to know!"

Madame Z— est une ancienne cocotte dont le passé est pieusement enseveli sous des dehors on ne peut plus respectables.

L'autre jour, dans un diner, Madame Z—, contant je ne sais plus quelle anecdote, se servit de cette expression malheureuse:

"Quand j'étais fille—"

"Tais-toi donc!" lui dit tout bas son mari; "inutile de rappeler ces choses-là!"

Two absent-minded savants, seated beside each other at a scientific meeting, wrote down their ideas at the same moment. One of them stopped to scratch his head with the end of the pen-holder, but in absence of mind scratched the head of his neighbor. That neighbor, feeling his head scratched, and believing that he was doing it himself, stopped writing.

Mademoiselle Tata is always late at rehearsals. Yesterday the manager scolded her for tardiness.

Returning home she found Toto.

"You must positively make me a present of a watch," she said to him.

"Another! Why, I have just given you one!"

"Yes, but I want this one for rehearsal time."

Madame X— est connue dans Paris pour l'ampleur exagérée de son corsage. Son couturier est parvenu à rendre cette infirmité moins visible en déplaçant à droite et à gauche une notable portion du gilet trop plein. On racontait la chose au banquier B—, qui s'écria: "Je me disais aussi! Voilà une poitrine qui, opulente hier, n'accuse aujourd'hui qu'une modeste aisance. Elle doit avoir quelque chose de côté."

Everybody knows those beggars who ask assistance by means of a letter to which they await the response.

One of them lately presented a letter to a prominent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "I beg not for myself," was written in the letter, "but for my dog, whom I adore. Poverty has reduced me to such a state that my dog can no more walk out with me and get the change of air and scene he needs. He is ashamed to be seen with me!"

Une jeune dame, un peu négligée par son mari quinquagénaire, se prend de dispute l'autre soir avec lui. "Je serai vigilant," s'écrie le mari; "on m'a donné des avis à votre sujet, et vous savez qu'un homme prévenu en vaut deux."

"Deux!" riposte la jeune femme, "que n'êtes vous prévenu plus souvent!"

C— has a pocket-book open as day to melting charity, and when he dies it is discovered that he has given away and lent so prodigally that his family is impoverished.

His executors, therefore, feel no compunction in calling upon his numerous debtors for money lent. But they find that some are slow to recall the obligation; others regard mention of the subject as a sort of insult; one even indignantly formulated the following striking apothegm: "Confound it all, sir, a man, who knows he can not afford to lend money, should not go about lending it."

Interior item from the *Courrier de San Francisco*:

"One sends from Lompoc the news which this:

"Project infernal!—Here there reigns an agitation lively, the following of an attempt cowardly, committed the night last by some peoples unknowns, who have attempted to make skip (*faire sauter*) the Hotel Lompoc.

"One has there cast by the windows four bombs explosives.

"Two of the which are fallen in the chamber-to-sleep of the spouses Butchard, without nevertheless to make explosion. One other has made the same in the saloon of billiard.

"But one other yet is fallen other part, where it has exploded, and the most great confusion among the lodgers ensumbered."